


12-19-1891

# The Herald, December 19, 1891

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# The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891

NO. 46.

## For a HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Those wishing something nice, beautiful decoration, ornamenting and useless as well, have always called on us and have always been fully satisfied. We display a taste in making our purchases and selections that not only pleases the eye but the Purse. This year we make a new departure and in connection with the popular lines we have heretofore handled we display for SALE (no raffles or chances) a pretty line of Engravings, Etchings, Pastelles, Water Colors, (no Daubs) and other Pictures all handsomely framed. These goods are bought low and will be sold accordingly. Always something new has been our motto and effort. We show you this week the most beautiful and finest line of

### -- CANDIES and CONFECTIONS --

Ever exhibited in this place. These goods perfectly pure and absolutely wholesome. A good idea is to buy early else you have cul's to select from.

**B. G. RIDGWAY, Pharmacist**

#### THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Miss Grace Randall is quite sick.

Vinc. Hill and wife spent Monday in Springfield.

J. C. Barber was in Cincinnati Tuesday on business.

Misses Rosa and Lillie Stewart are visiting in Springfield.

John A. Barber talks of moving to Cedarville in the Spring.

Mrs. Dr. Sayre is very ill and her parents were called here to attend her.

Wm. Tarbox was confined to the house the first of the week with la-grippe.

Miss Amanda Duffield has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends in Dayton.

Mrs. George Hooper and Mrs. Anna Tomaley visited friends in Springfield last Tuesday.

Mrs. A. G. Miller is suffering from a severe case of La Grippe, but is slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Anderson, of Springfield, are visiting friends in this vicinity this week.

The members of the Clifton U. P. church gave a church social Thursday evening which was well attended.

Miss Maria Tarbox has been suffering from a severe case of la-grippe. She is at the home of Charles Kyle, Xenia.

Chicken pox and scarlet fever had their day in Cedarville and now they are replaced by la-grippe. At least fifty cases are reported in this township.

A prominent young man who lives near Clifton, is busily engaged in making improvements in a house he owns, and his eagerness to complete it soon fosters the opinion that a wedding will occur soon.

Andy Arehleson, the Xenia midgit died this week, Monday in Dayton and was buried in Xenia Wednesday, the funeral taking place from the First M. E. church. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and I. O. O. F. and from each of those lodges there was beautiful decorations.

The young Peoples Society of the U. P. Church will give a conundrum social in Ervin & Williamson's Hall Tuesday evening December 19th. There will be no charge for admission.

Thomas Carroll familiarly known here as "Daddy" died at his home in North Cedarville Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock, at the age of 72 years. He was afflicted with lung trouble and has been confined to his house since last August. Mr. Carroll was an old soldier, a member of the Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteers and served in the late war over three years. He joined the G. A. R. after he removed to this place and retained his membership until his death. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn his death. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Morton.

Miss Rosa Stormont entertained a few invited guests last Tuesday with a Fagot Soiree, and as a social event it was one of the most pleasing of the season. The evening was spent in playing crokinole until luncheon was served, when at each plate was found a bunch of fagots neatly tied with ribbon on which read "Fagot Souvenir December 15, 1891." After refreshments the guests returned to the parlors and each in turn threw their bundle of fagots into the fire and while they were burning entertained the crowd as best they could, some in relating anecdotes, others by singing, recitations, propounding conundrums etc.

#### TRANSFERS.

Auditor to Fielding Dunbar, lots and 518, Yellow Springs, \$7.

D. C. and V. E. Shigley exs of Jos Shigley to Jno W. S. Shigley 36,90 a Ross, 900.

Catharine Wright to Charlotte B. Overton, lot 154. Harshman Bros., addition to osborn, \$675.

W. J. Alexander assignee to Mary E. Spater, 36.21 a Spring Valley, \$1145.

C. J. Greene et al to George Sibold 26 a. Bath \$61.

Maria White Dinsmore Bigger, quit claim to land, Sugarcreek, \$7000.

Dinsmore Bigger to Martha Bigger, 60 a Sugarcreek, \$5000.

Sheriff to Jeremiah Repps 222 a. Xenia, \$19587.

Jeremiah Repps to John O Barnett, 135 1/2 a. Xenia, \$7,300.

A. G. Barber trustee to Sarah J. Barber and G. M. Jacoby, 150 a, \$1.

Lima beans and fire crackers for Christmas at Andrew Bros. & Co. New Sorgum molasses at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER

New crop Currants, at GRAY'S.

Buckwheat Flour at GRAY'S.

Rolled Avena, Wheat, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Excelsior, Pearl Barley, at GRAY'S.

Teas, Coffees, Cigars and Tobacco, at GRAY'S.

Whole and Ground Spices, at GRAY'S.

Soap, Starch, Lye and Blues, at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

New crop California Prunes, at GRAY'S.

New crop California Peaches, at GRAY'S.

New crop Sorgum, at GRAY'S.

Crackers, Ginger Snaps and Reception Wafers, at GRAY'S.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

The Knife Used With Deadly Effect.

The most terrible job of butchery we have seen this year is the way Jim Milburn has butchered prices on holiday candies. The largest stock in town, too. Call if you want a wagon load for ten cents.

#### NEW SHOE SHOP

At the old stand, New work and Repairs. Low Prices next Door to Stewarts Dry goods Store.

C. KELLER.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice during the summer of 1891.

## CHRISTMAS AT BIRDS

And There You Will Find a Beautiful Line Of Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers and Rogers Bros, Silver Knives, forks and Spoons. Elegant China Fruit and Pie Plates.

DOLLS, TOYS AND GAMES IN IMMENSE VARIETY.

Candies, Fruits and Nuts OYSTERS, CELERY AND CRANBERRIES.

We undoubtedly, will have the largest display of Christmas Goods in the City. And you will find it to your interest to come and see us at

**BIRDS MAMMOTH STORE**

**Always At The Front.**  
We have received a copy of the handsomely illustrated prospectus for 1892 issued by the Detroit Free Press. The achievements of this famous paper in the past have been great, but if its promises for the future are to be fulfilled--and there certainly is no reason to expect the contrary--The Detroit Free Press will in 1892 be, as its publishers confidently claim, the most entertaining and instructive paper published, giving additional pleasure to its thousands of old subscribers and fresh enjoyment to the many thousands new ones that its merits deserve. Its list of contributors for 1892 includes many of the most famous names in American literary and public life, and most of the articles to be published are of unusual importance and interest, presenting a splendid array of valuable features in addition to the Free Press will in 1892 be, as its publishers confidently claim, the most entertaining and instructive paper published, giving additional pleasure to its thousands of old subscribers and fresh enjoyment to the many thousands new ones that its merits deserve. Its list of contributors for 1892 includes many of the most famous names in American literary and public life, and most of the articles to be published are of unusual importance and interest, presenting a splendid array of valuable features in addition to the



# The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Not with the eagle's flight, who sees below him  
A village gleam, a pine grove sleep in sand,  
A blue lake smile, a river's liquid poem  
Runs its slim thread-light through the pines  
Of land.

Nor where the sailor steers by southern  
Stars,  
Sighting some distant Tangle of the sea  
Through deserts of alternate sound and silence,  
And wilds of wonder, let my roaming be.

I would walk humbly where no glass between us  
Must show me Nature's countenance, and come  
In days whose evening star is always Venus  
To sport with dew-drops, like a bee, at home.

'Tis Eden everywhere to hearts that listen  
And watch the life of woods and meadows grow.  
Each thicket blade love's holiest kisses  
Christen,  
And beauty asks not where to bud and blow.

There is no music for the joy of thinking  
Like those bylines in smiles and odors played,  
No mood like that when sense and soul are  
Drinking  
The red and yellow honey that God made.

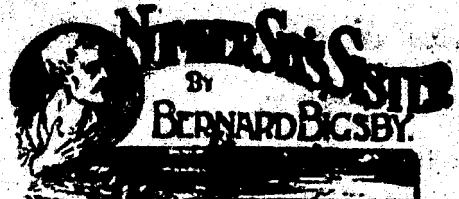
The blooming wilds His gardens are; some  
Cheering  
Earth's ugliest waste has felt that flowers  
Bequeath,  
And all the winds o'er summer hills careering  
Sound softer for the sweetness that they  
Breathe.

Down lonely glens, in beds unshaped, unspaded,  
The snowdrop letters of joy's earliest word  
Whiten the sod, and pink stars shine, fern-shaded,  
Where old creation's curse was never heard.

Peace, freedom, purity her blossomed sample  
Girds each in fields and forests evermore,  
And the lost glories of the world's green  
Temple  
Show still some flakes of splendor on its floor.

These are my school books, and I study in them  
A voice, a bliss of strange forgotten days  
That brings me near the love that could begin them,  
And makes each petalled sweet a song of praise.

—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.



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## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"You shan't go near the horrid old monster again, my sweet mam," the child cried, caressingly laying her hand on her mother's shoulder. "The disagreeable creature made you quite ill last Friday with her vulgar suspicions, and I am sure there is no law which can make you do unpleasant things if you don't want to."

"Hush, dear!" the mother chided, "he did but his duty, though his manner of performing it was unnecessarily harsh—but, oh, Kate, look at that lovely child in the arms of the woman among the steerage passengers. Surely the little creature cannot belong to her."

Kate gazed in the direction her mother pointed, and an exclamation of admiration burst from her lips. A stout, neat, healthy, country-like woman of about thirty years of age stood a little apart from the rest holding in her arms a two-year-old boy, whose radiant beauty glowed the brighter for its humble surroundings.

Her golden curls were fluttering in the breeze, her round blue eyes were flashing with intelligent wonder on the animated scene, and her complexion was soft as a fairy's and tinted by the sea breeze, bisque-like in its exquisite delicacy. No sculptor could have molded a chaster form of health and innocence.

Men's eyes grew softer as they looked at her. Ah, what a wonderful influence the beauty of childhood has over us. The man whose nature is saturated in greed, whose God is gold, whose ledger is his Bible, breaks his idols and becomes human at the lisp of bidding of an infant's prattle. Verily these little ones, around whom lingers the breath of angels, are sent on earth to redeem our gross humanity.

Mrs. Evesham forgot her disappointment in her wondering admiration.

"Oh, main dear," Kate cried, quite carried away by the beauty of the vision. "I must go to her for just one moment—may I?"

Before Mrs. Evesham could interpose an objection, the impetuous girl had flown from her mother's side and was caressing the baby, who held out her hand with charming confidence and was quite willing to toddle off with her newfound friend.

"You may take her if you like for a moment, miss," the woman said, won by Kate's pleasing manner, "while I see if my tickets and checks are all right. Ah, it is a hard task to come to a strange country without a friend to help one."

Kate led the baby across to her mother.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, with enthusiasm, "did you ever see such a wee, winsome darling?"

"She is a beautiful child," Mrs. Evesham replied, "but do you notice how well she is dressed—quite out of character with the woman, who does not look

like a nurse, and certainly cannot be her mother."

"Yes, mam, darling; but, having such a beautiful baby, perhaps she spends all her money over it. I am sure I would."

"You do not understand, Kate, that it needs taste as well as dollars to dress a child like this."

The much-criticized baby accepted placidly these remarks on her personal appearance, which she seemed to understand, for she smoothed her dress with her hands and burst into a merry laugh of self-satisfaction.

Certainly Mrs. Evesham was right. No vulgar hand designed the little one's costume.

She wore a fine India muslin dress with a robe front of Valenciennes insertion and elaborately trimmed with deep lace of the same costly material. Her dress was cut low with short sleeves, and round her neck was hung a fine, pale coral necklace with gold mountings. Short, white lace socks clasped her rounded limbs; her tiny feet were encased in cream-colored kid shoes, and her embroidered flannels and dainty petticoats, as they peeped from beneath her dress, were perfect specimens of the seamstress's art. A cluster of shining curls fell over her shoulders beneath a lace cap, and the soft, fluffy bangs which surmounted her fair forehead made the lovely little face beneath almost ethereal in its sweet expression.

But the smile died on the lady's face, for her glance fell on a small parchment label attached to a silk cord, which was tied round the child's waist. On this she read:

"Wanda Arlington,  
Care of Ambrose Arlington, Esq.,  
No. 17 A, W Forty-ninth street,  
New York, U. S."

By this time the woman had joined the little group. Mrs. Evesham rose excitedly and faced her.

"In Heaven's name," she said, "where did you get this child?"

Kate stood with round eyes wondering at her mother's excitement, and even baby pucker up her pretty lips in a tearful mood.

The woman, startled by the intensity of the lady's question, colored scarlet, and bursting into a flood of tears, replied in an accent which reminded one of the hills and dales of Derbyshire:

"There! I knowed how it would be. I thought from the very first that there 'ud be trouble ahead. A lady would not trust a little pet like this—which one can see with half an eye has been born o' gentlefolks—to a strange woman on an emigrant ship, if some screw was not loose, though I am sure I've done my



WAS CARESSING THE BABY.

duty by her. Then, the five pounds did come so good just as I was starting off for a foreign land to join my husband, who is a carpenter in Derby an' was doin' as well as a man could do, till he got bitten with the idee of comin' to America—though the Lord above only knows where this Wisconsin of his is, now I've got here, and him so thought of by the parson and 'squire of the parish of Repton, where we both lived ever since we was that high."

Completely out of breath, she paused in her unintelligible tirade, and Mrs. Evesham managed to get in a word of apology.

"My dear woman," she said, "forgive my hasty expression. You have done no wrong that I know of. Only the address on this little card is mine, and I was struck with the odd coincidence."

"Yours, mem, yours indeed—why, I thought Ambrose was a man's name, an' I'm sure the lady said the little girl was to be left in charge of her brother."

"Oh, I only meant," Mrs. Evesham explained, "that the house mentioned here is my house. Mr. Ambrose Arlington lodged with me, but he died very suddenly last Friday. Please tell me at once what you know about his family."

"I don't know no more than the dead," the woman said earnestly, "it is the strangest thing I ever heard of in my life."

"You don't know the people to whom this child belongs?"

"Indeed I don't, marm. The very mornin' as we was goin' to sail, me an' my sister-in-law Maria Wilkins, which is a most respectable young woman in the service of a barrowknigh's lady though she is not married nor likely to be through havin' red hair, well, we was a walkin' up an' down the landin' stage at Liverpool a sayin' good-by, when up comes a well-dressed woman, quite the lady, accompanied by a nurse who carried this little girl in her

arms; an' she says, says she: 'Are you goin' to New York by the Northern Star, my good woman?' an' I says, says I: 'Yes, mem, I be.' an' she says: 'Do you want to earn five pounds?' an' I says: 'Of course I do if I can earn it honest.' an' she says: 'Of course you can. All I want of you is to take care of this little girl on the voyage an' deliver her to the address which is written on this card.' an' says she, 'if you do it properly, Mr. Arlington will give you the same amount when you get there, an' that will be ten pounds.' an' I says: 'No, mem, I won't have nothin' to do with the child.' But what with Maria Wilkins, who always was too ready with her advice, a eppin' me on, an' what with the child a takin' such a fancy to me from the very first, bless her little heart, an' what with the lady persuadin' me, I yielded."

"But surely the lady told you who were the child's friends?"

"Not a word. The bell rung for us to go aboard. She gave me a valise filled with necessities for the voyage, an' told me that a trunk full of the little one's wardrobe was in the hold, an' would go straight through to where Mr. Arlington lived. But just as the lady was a goin' off with the other woman in a hansom cab which was awaitin' for 'em, I up an' spoke: 'Suppose we was wrecked crossin' this terrible ocean,' says I, 'an' got stranded on a desert island,' says I, 'who should I write to to let you know?' I shall never forget the look she gave me. 'Please God, I'll never look upon her face again or hear from her or about her any more in this world, an' if you should both of you go to the bottom of the sea, it would be the best thing that could happen to you,' says she, as she stepped into the cab an' drove off."

"Were there any papers or letters among the little girl's things in the valise you brought with you?"

"Not a scrap, mem."

"And you say there is a box in the hold belonging to her?"

"There is, mem; at least the lady said so."

"Well," Mrs. Evesham said decisively, "we must base all our hopes on gleanings some information from its contents. At any rate we can do no good by remaining here. Will you get ready to accompany us home?"

"Indeed I will, mem," the woman assented gratefully, "an' glad I'll be to go with you; for there's nothing I dread so much as to be alone in this big city."

So, as soon as the little ceremonies of the debarkation of an emigrant were fulfilled a hack was called, and they drove in a party to Mrs. Evesham's residence to be received by Alice in a flurry of pleased excitement. Little Wanda ruled the establishment like a royal princess from the moment that she set her tiny foot across the threshold, holding in slavish subjection every human being about the place. With the usual inconsistency of great little personages, she lavished her affections most prodigally on Harry, the one least likely to appreciate them, but who yielded with a good grace to the inevitable. Who could withstand the whims of such a winsome little fairy? As for Alice and Kate, they constituted themselves her ladies-in-waiting, and never was regal personage more faithfully and patiently served.

That night the stars looked down upon a sweet group of childish innocence. In a cot which Mrs. Evesham had improvised for the occasion, lay baby Wanda sound asleep, while side by side knelt the figures of Alice and Kate, praying the Father in Heaven to take under the wings of His protection the slumbering form of Number Six's sister.

It was a pretty sight, and so thought Mrs. Evesham, as she stood at the doorway, gazing on the innocent scene.

The chamber was a side room on the ground floor, with a window opening into a small alley. The servant had neglected to close the shutters, and though there was little chance of annoyance from obtrusive eyes in that secluded quarter, the young landlady turned aside to draw down the blind.

But in the very act she stood transfixed with terror; for glaring at her through the window-pane was the white face of the man who had pretended to photograph the body of Ambrose Arlington.

## CHAPTER III.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Isaac Evesham, of Buffalo, lumberman and mill owner, was in a certain sense a great man—not personally; for he was short and chunky in figure; mentally, for he had no more imagination than a cow; not morally, for though he was the prop and stay of Little Bethel church, which was mainly supported by his contributions, he ignored the Master's precept to love his neighbor as himself and chose rather to look at him as one to be spoiled as a Philistine. Still he was a very great man—at Buffalo.

His sense of duty was overpowering. It was duty which led him to prosecute a poor widow for stealing a bundle of splints; duty had induced him to grind his laborers down to the lowest day's pay for the biggest day's work; and it was duty which had contented his just indignation and strongly expressed disapproval when his brother, twenty years younger than himself, had perpetrated marriage with a penniless girl—an act little less than a crime in the eyes of the astute lumberman.

He had married, of course, but he had been wise enough to "love a lass and her money, too," and had nothing to reproach himself for in the prize, pinched-faced matron, who presided over the great, square, red-brick, public school-

like building he called his home. He had been blessed with children, too—one, a boy whom he had mentally starved to death, denying him story books and the casual enjoyment of childish liberty, and who had grown almost to a manhood of harmless imbecility, when he had suddenly sickened and died; and a girl, more robust, who had survived her father's immaculate system to reach womanhood, a hard, cold, selfish person, with a fear of her father and contempt for her mother in the place of filial affection.

The breakfast table in the Evesham mansion was not the cheery, social gathering place it is in some families, and on one especial morning in early June the early meal was a more solemn ceremony than usual. Mrs. Evesham was never very lively, but to-day she was exceptionally dejected; Jane had been slighted at a young people's gathering in the church parlors the previous evening, and was properly resentful, and the master of the house was not quite satisfied with the rulings of the market and vented his disappointment on his women folk after the manner of men of his peculiar temperament. He sat toying with his breakfast and reading the morning newspaper. Suddenly he electro-



HE SAT READING THE MORNING NEWS-PAPER.

trified the ladies by an exclamation of profanity so awful in its character that they, poor pious souls, paused aghast in hopeless wonder.

"Pat!" ejaculated Jane, in shocked surprise.

Mrs. Evesham was too horrified for words, but held up her mitted hands in deprecating agony.

"It is all the doing of the woman who married my poor brother Henry," Mr. Evesham explained, his cheeks tingling with confusion.

"What in the paper?" Jane asked, forgetting her papa's impropriety in her curiosity to learn the news.

"Yes," the lumberman groaned, "half a column of it."

"What has she done, Isaac? I wish you would not startle me so," gasped Mrs. Evesham, feebly.

"Done! I don't know that she's done much. It is just because she has not done something that she is bringing disgrace on the family name. Never read of a more shocking instance of feminine moral obliquity. Here one of her precious boarders suddenly dies, and instead of affording the legal authorities all the assistance she can, she is so reticent that she brings down upon her the reproach of the coroner, and the Daily Herald speaks of her as a reluctant witness."

"What can be her object?" queried Jane, aghast at the thought that her genteel associates would learn that her aunt kept a lodging-house.

"Oh, some silly sentimentalism, you may depend on it," Mrs. Evesham snorted; "the woman always was a fool."

"Won't you read the article, pa?" his daughter asked.

"Yes, do," pleaded his wife.

Thus adjured, the indignant gentleman read in a hard, dry, monotonous voice the long, sensational account of the catastrophe, which had lost none of its suggestive mystery in the graphic description of the reporter.

"How dreadfully shocking!" Jane gasped. She was not thinking of the sudden death of the hapless man nor the trouble of her relatives, but how her dear friend Sarah Goodchild would gloat over this exposure of her family affairs.

"What are you going to do about it, Isaac?" Mrs. Evesham asked, meekly.

"Dot! I suppose I must go to New York and see the silly creature through the mess she has got into. After all, she is my brother's wife, and I do not propose to have her drag us into further disrepute if I can avoid it."

For a moment a softening smile played on Mrs. Evesham's features, as she called to remembrance the pretty, blushing girl-wife her brother-in-law Hal had brought with such pride to show them sixteen years ago—may, she was even touched with a slight pang of remorse, for had she not promised the handsome seaport captain that she would be a friend to his "wee wife," if ever she needed one?

"Isaac," she said, timidly, pursuing this line of unaccustomed thought, "do you not think we might do something for Esther and her children?"

"Certainly I do," her husband snapped. "When I said I was going to New York to see them you did not suppose I was intending to take so long a journey merely to make a morning call, did you?"



All the year round  
is the time when Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery works the best.  
It purifies the blood.  
It's not like the sarsaparilla,  
which claim to do good in March,  
April, and May; you can depend  
upon it *always*. That's why it is  
guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or  
cure, in every case for which it's  
recommended, you have your money  
back.  
No other medicine of its kind  
says as much—but no other does  
as much. It cleanses, renews and  
invigorates the entire system. For  
all skin, scalp and scrofulous affec-  
tions, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum,  
White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease,  
and kindred ailments, it's a positive  
cure.  
The proprietors of Dr. Sago's  
Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 for an  
incurable case of Catarrh. It isn't  
mere talk—it's business.  
They mean to pay you, if they  
can't cure you. But you'll find  
that they can.

## "German Syrup"

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage.  
"My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." Rev. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M. E. Conference, April 25, '90. A Safe Remedy.

G. C. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

\$5.00 HAND SEWED \$4.00 HAND WELLED	\$3.00 HAND SEWED \$2.50 FOR LADIES \$2.00 & 1/2 FOR BOYS \$1.75 FOR MISSES
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**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN**  
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY!  
GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical foot-wear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes at the same price as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.  
FOR TAILOR & SUIT MEASUREMENTS, call on local advertiser dealers supplying you.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL  
**CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS**  
SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN  
Daily at 8:30 p. m. from Chicago, New and Old Routes. Best service, lowest fares. Tickets and further particulars obtainable by mail. Write to J. W. McNamee, General Agent, St. Louis, Mo., or to J. W. McNamee, General Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you  
of all Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all other Coughs. It is made of the purest and finest ingredients, and is the most effective remedy for all Coughs. It is sold everywhere.

Had each a lot  
To mark the  
Maud's was a  
With tower  
May's was a d  
And mine w  
Maud's author  
White-hair  
And May's a  
With wealth  
But mine was  
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—Adelaide D. Ryan  
Republican

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# THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Talmage is charge with plagiarizing from himself. It is claimed that he preached a sermon last Sunday, which he delivered in 1873.

It has remained for a California cook to adopt a new way of presenting religious truth. He recently made a cake with a text baked into it.

When President Jorge Montt read what President Harrison said in his message about the Chilean matter, he remarked: "We fear that tone more than threats."

At a recent wedding in Boston the young people could find no rice to throw at the bride and groom; but some tapoca and oatmeal were found and they answered every purpose.

A young man in Pierre, S. D., was so amused at something a few days ago that he laughed himself unconscious, and for several hours it was thought that he was dead.

Holiday excursions tickets will be sold at reduced rates at all ticket stations of the Pennsylvania Lines on December 24th, 25th, and 31st, 1891, and on January 1st, 1892, good returning until January 4th, 1892.

It became necessary for a New Haven business man to send one of his clerks to England on business. A young woman clerk named Bessie Johnson volunteered to go and in a half hour was on the way.

Mrs. Green of Passaic, N. J., wanted police protection from the sarcasm of Mrs. Lovejoy. The chief broke the news to her as gently as he could that a change of location was the only practicable way by which she could escape her ironical neighbor.

There was nothing of the Enoch Arden about Martin Perconey of Priceburg, Pa. After a seven years' absence, he found his wife married. He had her and her second husband arrested.

Norcross, who threw the bomb, had the reputation of being a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and virtue. No one had the remotest suspicion that he would ever commit a crime. His parents, too, have a worthy record. But one of his grandfathers, though never adjudged insane, was a badly balanced individual who became demented in his last years. The dead bomb-thrower was the victim of a malignant heredity. Thrice fortunate he who is born well.

Since the death of Joel B. Harris, a rich citizen of Rutland, Vt., it has been made public that his daughter is the wife of a coachman. The other members of the family are greatly vexed over the union. A brother had the impudence to offer the coachman a large sum of money if he would go west and secure a divorce. He replied that with him marriage is not a mercantile transaction.

Henry Hilbert of Berwick, Pa. has sued W. E. Sherman, manager of the Berwick opera house. Hilbert alleges that he paid Sherman 50 cents to see his show, but was unable to see it because the Misses Griesemer, who sat in front of him, wore hats 21 1/2 inches in diameter across the brim. Hilbert further alleges that he asked the young women to take off their hats, but they only giggled; that he then asked the usher to remove the obstruction so that he could catch a glimpse of the stage, but that functionary would not obey.

It is said that Keely is fast becoming rich with his gold cure for drunkenness. He earns his money if he does his work.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Teeth extracted without pain by

Oysters at McCorkle's.

Peas, Beans, Corn, succotash at McCorkle's.

New Mackerel at McCorkle's.

Celery, at McCorkle's.

Buckwheat Flour, at McCorkle's.

Spanish Onions at McCorkle's.

Hunters' Supplies, at McCorkle's.

Shells loaded to order at McCorkle's.

Cranberries, at McCorkle's.

Yellow Danver Onions, at McCorkle's.

Fresh Sorgum Molasses, at McCorkle's.

Why do you buy your coal of Andrew's? Because there I get the best Coal for the least money.

The finest line of fancy candies in town at McCorkle's.

Pure Maple Syrup at McCorkle's.

All kinds of heating stoves, in base-burners and common heaters, for hard and soft coal and wood, can be found at Grouse & Bull's.

Nobby hats and caps in all styles just received at Stormont and Co's.

Robes and blankets, the best grades at bankrupt prices at Stormont and Co.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft Refined Sugar, a GRAY'S.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Grouse & Bull's.

Lima beans and fire crackers for

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates at all ticket stations on Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh on December 24th, 25th and 31, 1891, and on January 1st, 1892; good returning until January 4th, inclusive.

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## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG

FOR A FINE SELECTION OF—

Watches Rings, Pins, Neck-lace, bracelets, Gold Spectacles, Gold eye Glasses, solid Silver Spoons, Silk umbrellas, Gold Pens and Pencils,

Fine Silver Plated Ware of all styles and plated Knives, Forks and Spoons and carving sets call at

FRED. J. H. SCHELL.

XENIA, OHIO.

## HO, FOR THE FAIR!

GRAND HOLIDAY DISPLAY!

No 13 East Main St; opp. Court house

Xenia O

MAKE YOUR MONEY GO AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

Our Goods are New. Our Goods our not shelve worn. Our goods our cheap. You are buying Retail at

WHOLESALE PRICES,

HEADQUARTERS for Albums, Books, Stationary, Dolls, Toys, Wagons, Buggies, Queensware. Tinware, Woodware, Glassware, Notions, Handkerchiefs. Towels, Shirts, Hosiery for Ladies, Girls and Children, Men and Boys.

LAMPS, Pictures and Picture frames, Corsets, Fascinators.

Jewelry, Coal vases. Buckets.

LADIES DRESS TRIMINGS

Brooms Brushes or anything else that is ornamental or useful. You will positively lose MONEY, by not call at the Fair. No 13 E. Main St. Xenia O.

N. B. (Don't postpone your Holiday purchase until Christmas week. Now is the time. You can have the price

## WE HAVE BARGAINS

Have A Fruitful Meaning To Buyers

Household and kitchen Furniture. When cleaning house this fall you will find you need a new parlor or chamber suite. It is then we can do you good. We have an elegant line to select from and will guarantee prices.

BARR & MORTON.

It may be you will need the services of

Undertakers

or practical embalmers. If so we guarantee good service

BARR & MORTON.

FAWCETT. The Xenia Jeweler. In stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS! The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brilliant Pebble Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

## JACOB KANY

Merchant

Tailor.

NO 10 N. DETROIT STREET

XENIA, O.

Before you buy your suit, Overcoat or Pants for Fall, see KANY THE TAILOR. he has a full line of Foreign and Domestic goods always no hand to select from. Perfect fitting garments and first class work guaranteed at a reasonable price.

KANY THE TAILOR.

A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to catch on to the latest new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me." KATE: "I don't know; I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction." JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting."



without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss LaChance decided to paint. Do you suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I hear you telling Tommy James last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest fads, and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have put more in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in the little out-of-the-way place—for you never go to the city? KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magley? Not Magley! And a great treasure it is to us all for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine; that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all here, but it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praises; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings & Son, 35 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting it up, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

## ARE YOU A WOMAN

WHO HAS NOT SEEN A COPY OF

ARUNDR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, of Philadelphia? "The best and cheapest ILLUSTRATED monthly ever published in the English language. 1,500 pages for \$1.50.

Six Short Stories and Splendid Articles by best writers on all subjects of interest to women. Three







# The Cedarville Herald

W. M. BLAIR, Publisher.  
CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## CHAMPAGNE CORKS.

An Interesting Chapter on Their Manufacture.

Champagne corks of the finest quality cost about a cent apiece wholesale. To the eye of the ordinary observer they do not greatly differ in quality from other corks, but, as a matter of fact, they are in a great many ways peculiar. The great champagne houses often engage the whole output of cork-cutting establishments in Spain and Portugal. These corks must be of the best bark, and the most skillful cutters are employed in their manufacture, while the same is true of all corks used with the finer wines. There has been a marked advance in the manufacture of corks within the last twenty-five years, but champagne corks are made just as they were when the first champagne was bottled. Less than a generation ago the idea of a cork-cutting machine was scouted. Now most of the corks used for ordinary purposes are made by machinery, and they are turned out by the million at such prices that the hand-cork-cutters of this country have been almost entirely driven out of business.

The reason for making champagne corks by hand is curious and interesting. The cork machine is provided with circular knives of razor-like edge. Now, the crude cork is so rough and hard that if it were applied to one of these rapidly revolving knives the knife would at once be ruined. So, crude cork that is to be cut by machinery must be softened in a steam vat. It comes out almost pulpy, and cuts like cheese. But the steam takes the "life" out of the cork. Its elasticity is gone, never to be recovered, and when the machine-cut cork is driven into a bottle the cork tends to shrink and permit leakage. Furthermore the machine-made cork is mathematically round, while the necks of bottles are more or less irregular. As the machine-made cork has lost its elasticity its smooth, round surface can not swell out to fill any irregularity in the neck of the bottle, and here is another source of leakage.

The hand-made cork is quite a different affair. The crude cork to be cut by hand is first soaked in tepid water until almost ready to swell. In this condition it is taken out and turned over to the cutter. Spanish cork cutters use three knives. One is a long curved knife arranged with a gauge for regulating the size of the piece of the cork cut off. This knife is used for cutting the cork into long strips. Another and smaller knife cuts the strips up into blocks, and a third and very sharp knife is used for producing the finished cork. This knife has a blade of fine steel nearly hidden in a jacket of iron. The iron pocket is to give the knife rigidity, and the cork-cutter applies, not the knife to the cork, but the cork to the knife. He rests the knife on the edge of a table and presses the cork down upon the blade. The tendency of this is to curve the blade, and a curved blade would produce a hollow cork. German and American cork cutters use a thin knife, which comes from the factory straight, but is bent by the cork cutters themselves. The curved side is turned up in working, and the result is that the cork straightens under the pressure of the cork, and the latter is cut straight and not concave. The cork-cutter always has a whetstone on his table and a strap upon his knee. He applies the knife to the strap after each cork is cut, and less frequently to the whetstone. Cork has a peculiar power of dulling the sharp steel with which it is cut.

Hand-made corks retain their elasticity, and, not being mathematically round, they easily snug themselves into the irregularities of the bottle necks. Before being driven into a bottle of wine the cork is soaked in water, and then moistened with wine. It goes in tight, absorbs some of the wine, swells, and remains swollen. When corks have been much handled in cutting they are washed clean in a weak solution of oxalic acid before being used.

This country receives the best corks, as of everything else European. Thousands of men, women and children in the mountains of Spain and Portugal are busied in cutting cork. It is a domestic trade, and it occupies whole villages. Agents from the factories and export houses of Sevilla and Lisbon go through the mountain villages each year buying up the corks in enormous quantities. The agent of an importing house in this city called the other day that he had just returned from the Sierras after having purchased ten million corks. The corks are purchased in the native villages are of all sizes and qualities. They are sorted in the cities, baled in gunny cloth, paper and gunny cloth again, and shipped to this country by the ton. Once here, many of them are sent by hand at the rate of twenty gross a day. So fastidious are some bottlers that the cork importers have to keep in their employment several cork cutters to recut such corks as do not suit customers.—N. Y. Sun.

—Kind Lady—"How did you become so lame?" Tramp—"Over-exercising, mum." Lady—"Indeed! In what way?" Tramp—"Movin' on every time a policeman told me."—Cort.

## THE BATTLE FIELD.

### HIT AT ANTIETAM.

Strange Sensations of a Soldier Wounded in Battle.

Hooker was trying to drive Jackson at Antietam. It is one of the mysteries of war that he did not annihilate him and then take Lee in flank. We outnumbered him, and we extended our lines until only a skirmish line of gray opposed us, but on no field of battle in the whole war did the confederates fight so fiercely. It seemed as if every single company had been told to hold its ground until the last man was wiped out. We breasted up to the gray lines time after time, but they would not give back. They faced us and died. If they lost a rod of ground they charged back and recovered two.

I remember how the corn waved and rustled as we pushed through it that day—how the silken tassels became detached and floated into our faces like spider-webs on a dewy summer's morning. They were waiting for us—the men who had come up from Harper's Ferry without a halt—foot-sore, hungry, thirsty, but ready to die to save Lee's left wing. They made never a halt to moisten their parched throats at the wells of Sharpsburg—never a halt for the laggards to come up. Lee was in danger, and old Stonewall rode at their head. The politicians simply slur them. Those who breasted up against them on the battlefield remember only how gallantly they died.

At first a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The pop! pop! increases in rapidity—now it becomes a continuous roar—here comes the command to charge! There is a cheer—a rush, and we are checked. Men can not dodge bullets, but we dodge as they zip and spit and whistle by our ears. A storm of bullets can not be breasted like a gale of wind laden with snowflakes, but we bend our heads and advance.

What is it? Why am I lying on the ground? Is the fight over that the din of battle has so nearly died away? I wonder and wonder. It is like waking out of a sound slumber. Now I know what it is—I'm hit! A bullet has crashed into my shoulder, spun me around like a top, and then dashed me to the earth in a heap. Men struck that way lose consciousness for a minute or two. The roar swells out again—I hear men cursing and cheering, and I finally understand that our lines have been driven back. I lift my head for a hasty look around, and I find I have lots of company. The dead and wounded are as numerous as corn-hills.

A bullet in the shoulder is nothing. A pint or two of blood lost from the body is of no account. I turn over, seize a dead man by the arm, and pull myself up, but everything dances before my eyes and I sink down in a heap. It isn't the wound itself, but the shock to the nervous system. I've seen a six-footer drop in a heap and cry like a woman because a bullet had made one of his fingers an inch shorter, and he was never charged with being a coward, either.

There is no such thing as time on a battle-field. A general may watch its flight but a private soldier has no thought of it. The sun may have been at meridian when the battle opened. All of a sudden he is amazed that the orb has gone from sight. He has fought on, giving no heed to time.

Only half conscious—only half realizing that I was hit—I by and by felt the cool breezes of the evening and lost the glare of the sun. Some one gave me water, but I felt too dreamy to open my eyes. Some one pulled a dead man off my legs—a wounded comrade who had crept over to me in search of water and died. But I did not open my eyes; I could not. It seemed as if great weights had been placed on my eyelids to keep them shut. There was a babel of sounds around me, but I heard only one voice. That sounded miles away as it said:

"Now, then, you all be mighty keeful how you tote that boy, fur he's bin powerfully hit. Needn't mind me so much, though I reckon I'm good for a wooden leg if you Yanks kin spar the timber!"

It was a "rebel." He'd been caring for me for hours as tenderly as he would for his own son, and yet they separated us that night never to meet again. I have never had an opportunity to look into his face and thank him. I never even saw him.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

### THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

But One to Answer Out of a Hundred Names.

Just an even hundred men answered "Here!" as the sergeant called the roll on the morning we awoke beside the Potomac. There were young men, middle-aged men, men from the town and men from the farm. Men who go to war to fight and die beside each other form strong attachments. Companies and regiments resolve themselves into communities which do not look with favor upon intruders. There was an even hundred as we marched away—as we took our first turn at picket—as we first sighted the enemy—as we went into battle for the first time. After the roar of the guns had died away and the dead had been buried only eighty-nine men answered "Here!" to the sergeant's morning roll-call. The others were covered up in long trenches, and their loss drew the lines closer together.

A few weeks went by, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in battle line

again. There were charge and counter charge—men screamed out as they were wounded—men fell dead and uttered no cry. In the gloomy forest, by the light of a camp-fire, the sergeant called the roll, and now only seventy-eight men answered "Here!" The red earth trenches had claimed more victims, and the ties between the living were drawn still closer. When a man has braved death with you that excuses a hundred short-comings in camp or on the march.

Then came Coal Harbor and the falling back to Malvern Hill. Cannon boomed and musketry cracked all day long and far into the night. Wounded men cursed and groaned as they limped away or fell helpless—men pitched forward with but a single cry and died with their faces hidden in the weeds and grass. After Malvern Hill the sergeant called the roll again—not the same sergeant as before, but another had taken his place—he was lying dead in the thickets at Fair Oaks—and this time only fifty-two men answered "Here!"

And so could you wonder that when recruits came down to us we looked upon them as intruders, even though they were good men and true and had come to help us win victories? What did they know of our dead, of our warlike marches, of touching elbows with us as we waited for the word to charge the flaming guns? Their names were called with ours, and we heard them answer "Here!" But they were only with us; they could not be of us. They had come too late.

And after South Mountain and Antietam and Second Manassas and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the Wilderness the roll was called, and our dead were covered up and other men were sent down to take their places. We shook hands with them and pretended to be comrades, but we had no ties with them. They had not learned war with us. They could not go back to the beginning—to our first dead. And at last came Appomattox and the surrender, and therefore the return to Washington. We were almost a full company again as we turned out on the meadows of Arlington for the last roll-call. Upward of seventy living men could have answered "Here!" to their names.

"Fall in, Company G! Attention to roll-call!"

It was not the sergeant who had called the roll after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after Gettysburg, after the awful grapple in the thickets and swamps of the Wilderness. It was a new man—one who had been promoted before his cheeks had scarcely been burned by the southern sun. But he had heard of the ties which bound the old veterans together—he realized what this last roll-call meant to the survivors. And from the misty archives of the past he took the roll of the dead and called:

"Anson—Armstrong—Armitage—Als-

dorf!"

No one replied!

"Berry—Bloomingdale—Benson—

Barstow—Benham!"

No one replied!

"Cary—Carter—Carnahan—Cummings—

Comstock!"

No one replied!

"And so he called, and so the silence

of the death-roll grew deeper and deeper, until the living felt a chill creep

over them.

"Young—Yeomans—Yager!"

No one replied!

"York!"

"Here!"

And so he of all was the sole survivor—the last living man of Company G—the only one who had the right to stand there in that line and answer to the last roll-call. The others—ninety and nine—were crumpled at home or sleeping their last sleep on the hillsides, in the valleys, in the forests and the thickets of Virginia.

The line cheered him as he stood apart—the last survivor of a glorious band which had fought in a dozen battles—but he turned away his head and wept.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

### NOTES FOR VETERANS.

GEN. McCLELLAN is spoken of yet among the growing numbers of New Yorkers who love horseback-riding as the beau-ideal of a cavalier. Gen. Sherman was a nervous rider and used a loose rein. He seemed more intent on "getting there" than on the manner or fashion of arriving.

GEN. CARL SCHURZ makes a proud boast for his countrymen in America. He says the German Americans saved the state of Missouri to the Union when the rebellion broke out, and that more than 135,000 men who were born in Germany served in the Union army from the various states. This is proportionately more than from any other part of our population of foreign-born citizens.

COMRADE RIFE gives an interesting incident that occurred in Virginia in 1863. The army was drawn up in a line of battle, and the skirmishers were maneuvering from both sides. One of the confederate boys was seen by comrade Rife to take a position behind a stump and he at once aimed his rifle to shoot, when the fellow in gray threw up his gun and fired—the ball striking squarely in the muzzle of comrade Rife's gun, and sent it flying some ten feet from him, and split the barrel some two inches. It was a close call, and for a few minutes comrade Rife did not know what happened or what had become of his gun.

## IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

### "KNOW THYSELF."

Study Every Gift You Have and Bring the Best to Its Highest Development.

Not many years ago a girl with a common-school education, coming from a refined home, where the standards insured good morals and good manners, could after a few weeks spent in acquiring some manual art, earn a comfortable livelihood in several different fields of employment. The publishing houses, for instance, offered attractive employment with wages varying from six to twelve dollars per week. Machinery has taken the place of hand labor and reduced opportunities for employment and wages, thus lowering the social grade of those employed, except in special houses. The same change has taken place in other fields, and the commercial world for women has in twenty years completely changed. The day has gone by when a woman can earn adequate wages without spending time and money in preparation. The girl of to-day who faces a future in which she must support herself, finds two paths before her. One which means slavery under the worst conditions imposed by ignorance, the other a life of conscious freedom and growth, because she possesses abilities and knowledge for which the world is willing to pay wages, which are but a part of what it is glad to give. Is there a woman in the world to-day more to be envied than the wage-earning woman who commands position because of her abilities, giving to the world services for which it is not only glad to pay, but proud to honor? How can such positions be gained by women? By following the injunction, centuries old, "Know thyself!" I almost hesitate, thinking of the bright young girl faces that will bend over these words, to write as my experience forces me to write, because I must impose on youth a burden that seems to be the natural portion of the later life. I would not have the courage were it not for the memory of other faces into which I have looked with aching heart—faces lined and seamed by care, and eyes that held a look of terror in their depths because they faced the world penniless, with no faculties trained that would earn them food and shelter; women in middle life and past it, with children to support as helpless as babies, having the capacity to eat, sleep, and wear clothing, but with no possibility of earning these, too old to learn, and with just enough knowledge of the world to make them realize their helplessness, hopeless condition. It is the memory of these faces passing in procession before me that impels me to shadow girl faces with care. Some time they looked out on life as girls do to-day, not knowing that autumn would bring the storm.

So I repeat to girls, "Know thyself!" Study every gift you have; decide which expresses you the most clearly, and work to bring that to the highest development. That gift is your offer to the world's store of knowledge and happiness. Do not wait until your college course is ended before you become acquainted with yourself. Seek to find that individual part of you, and train it side by side with the whole woman. This gives emphasis to your character, compels recognition from teachers and fellow-students during the college life, and creates an atmosphere that stimulates toward success in your special field. This leading will be a great help to teachers, for we must remember that one of the chief advantages of a college training is the being brought into contact with minds trained in special lines, and that these minds are always on the alert for kindred minds. It is but natural when a student is found who possesses talent and inclination in a teacher's special field that to her or to him this student must be more interesting than the one whose mind shows no peaks. Study to find the one talent that distinguishes you from every other girl you know. Do not be afraid of a "trade-mark." This sounds very commercial, but we are talking of the commercial side of college education, which we all admit is almost imperative for the woman who must support herself above the level of mere manual labor.

The foundation given by a college training should enable any woman to support herself in comfort. If a woman falls with a college education, then there is a fault that would have made a worse failure without that foundation.

College training will not create brains or character; it develops both. I have met many college-trained women who never would or could become self-supporting. They were able women, more attractive women, because of their training, but that training had no grip on their lives. One thought of it as a piece of chamois in the polisher's hand going over a well-made, gracefully formed piece of furniture; it would not be complete without the polish, but it would have served its purpose. For the college training to have a commercial value it must be taken in an earnest, heroic spirit; it must be recognized as both a shield and a sword, a part of the necessary equipment of every woman, no matter in what capacity she serves. She must, if that training is to serve her and the world, take each study as a tool, which will be called upon in the future, not perhaps in its individual capacity, but as the adjunct of the principal tool she will use in life's workshop.

The wheel of fortune turns rapidly in our age. Poverty follows wealth very

suddenly, and if to that poverty is added the burden of ignorance, how helpless, how hopeless, is the outlook for those affected! And where the wheel reverses, and wealth follows poverty without preparation, another kind of pity stirs the heart for the possessor, if ignorance is part of her life. With an education, the poorest of us feel grateful that, whatever else life holds, ignorance is not part of the burden we must bear. For have you not seen the rich, ignorant woman struggling with burdens that robbed her life of its pleasure? The one piece of baggage that costs nothing to carry through life is education. It gives support, companionship, stimulus; it is a wall whose gates are in command of the owner. To every girl I would say, strive to get a college education. Whether your lot in life is to be wealth or poverty, you will be richer for its possession.—Lillian W. Betts, in Harper's Bazar.

### DEPUTY FANNIE MILLER.

A Little Woman Who Does Not Fear a Long Ride Nor a Hard Trail.

Just now no little attention is being paid Mrs. Fannie Miller, a deputy United States marshal. She was born twenty years ago near St. Joseph, Mo., of respectable parents named Johnson. When four years old she moved to Sherman, Tex., and at the age of eighteen, in company with an experienced officer, went to Mexico to aid in ferreting out the perpetrators of a series of crimes along the border. After two years of adventure she married and moved to Talahua, I. T.

This little woman is nervy and has remarkable powers of endurance. She rides with Deputy R. C. Cantrell, a cousin, having accompanied him on many expeditions of danger and fatigue. She and her cousin trailed Fagan and Ed Kinsey, noted cattle thieves, five days in the mountains of the Cherokee Nation. Mrs. Miller was riding alone when, to her surprise, she came face to face with Fagan, whom she placed under arrest before he could realize that she was an officer and in earnest. Kinsey's hiding place was soon found, and in securing his arrest several shots were exchanged. Mrs. Miller also arrested the Warren Brothers, noted whisky peddlers.

Mrs. Miller's mother died when she was eight years old, and her father was buried a few years later. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has intelligent gray eyes, dark hair, a firm expression, is quick of movement, and quiet and unassuming in manner. She associates with the best people, and keeps a complete record, giving dates and names of persons present, that she may be able to protect herself against any slanderous tongues. This remarkable woman seems delighted with her perilous work, and, being well educated, is anything but bold and brazen. Deputy Cantrell has been on the marshal's force for eight years. He says Fannie Miller's services are almost indispensable.—Chicago Herald.

### Women as Wood-Carvers.

A branch of craftsmanship not often adopted by well-born English girls has been brought to a high degree of perfection by the two daughters of Canon Liddell, the dean of Christ Church, Oxford, who are expert carvers in wood. They have completed the carving of an oak door which was made for the Church of St. Frideswide, a mission branch of Christ Church, the top panel representing St. Frideswide in his boat, and the designs of the lower panels with their dragons and gryphons suggesting to the beholder, doubtless unwarrantably, "the lions in the path" which St. Frideswide encountered. For the furtherance of their favorite work the Misses Liddell have a class of eighteen of the university press boys, to whom they teach the principles and practice of carving.

### SHARPS AND FLATS.

THREE hundred women in the United States own establishments for the raising of flowers and plants.

THERE are now one hundred and twenty incorporated women's clubs in the federation of clubs, of which Mrs. Charles Emerson Brown is president. In the Yakima district, Washington, a woman has started the development of a mine. She has just bought a complete saw-mill outfit for cutting timber necessary in the operations.

THE Woman's University Club, of the city of New York, has been incorporated. Its objects are the promotion of literature and art, and the social welfare of college-bred women, by the establishment and maintenance of a club house in the city of New York, and by such means as shall be suitable and expedient for such purpose.

A WOMAN beekeeper has won a case in court against a builder who destroyed her swarm of bees which happened to settle in his garden. The bees annoyed him and he took a pail of paraffine and tar and held it under the swarm until they dropped, stupefied, into the flames. The court condemned him for his act and gave the woman damages.

In London, Eng., two ladies, formerly high school teachers, have turned their attention to commerce, and have discovered that ladies, being in general the best judges of the tea, there is a manifest fitness in ladies becoming also the purveyors of tea. They have founded "The Ladies' Own" Tea Association, and have issued an attractive prospectus with the appropriate device "Work is worship."

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The Most Useful Articles can be found In Stock For  
**ASUITABLE & HOLIDAY & PRESENTS**  
For All Seeing Them Convinces You We Know What We Are Saying. Call At Once.  
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## THE HERALD

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

### Coming Events.

#### CEDARVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

New York Symphony Club, Dec. 18.  
Rev. A. A. Willette, Dec. 31.  
Swedish Ladies' Concert, Jan. 12.  
God's Message, D. D., Feb. 14.

Mrs. Salinda Milburn who has been seriously ill, we are glad to say is slowly improving.

Will Tarbox and wife entertained about twenty-five invited guests to dinner Thursday.

Misses Laura and Hattie Martin, of Ripley, Ohio, are guests of Miss Emma Blair this week.

Miss Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Turnbull, entertained a number of her school friends last night.

James Curry, a former citizen of this place and the inventor of the flake hominy, was in Cedarville yesterday.

Ed Turnbull and wife entertained his young married friends at tea Thursday evening. About forty were present.

Dr. Oglesbee has heard Willette's lectures "Sunshine" and says he is willing to pay the price of a season ticket to hear the single lecture.

Bob Bird has been taking extra pains this year to make his holiday display attractive. In front he has tin toys arranged, while his candies he shows in a showcase in a way that the children can not fail to see.

Dick Nesbet secured an appointment in the mail service with a run between Pittsburg and Cincinnati, but was offered a good job on the Anderson, Indiana, Bulletin, and will stay there.

Wm. Reed, of Clifton, died at his home last Monday at 12 o'clock, after a lingering illness. He was a member of the U. P. church at that place, and the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Tufts, of this place, Wednesday.

Hogs instead of sheep, seem to be what the dogs are taking out their spite on now. Jim Hill lost four one night last week, and other parties have been complaining about hog.

### Caught Old Cris.

J. H. Milburn caught old Cris as he was passing his store door, pulled him in and took all his candies—a big boat load. Be sure to call and see them. Got them cheap, sell them cheap.

### Almost a Mob.

Call early in the week to buy candies at Milburn as for two or three days before Christmas the store will be crowded and everybody will be fighting to get hold of the elegant bargains he is offering.

J. E. Lowry wants it distinctly understood that he is in no way responsible for the article that appeared in the Commercial-Gazette of Thursday from this place. Such an article does more damage to a town than can be repaired in years. There is no use in raking up old scores. We have all we can do to take care of the present without calling up past offenses. We are glad Mr. Lowry can clear himself.

The next entertainment of the lecture course will be Willette's in his famous lecture "Sunshine, or the secret of a happy life. Thursday evening December 31st. Reserved seats at Stormont & Co. Plat open next Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Newton Townsley was 78 years old yesterday. He had forgotten, having passed so many, that he had reached another mile-post in his journey through life, but his children had a better memory, and when he came home to dinner he found them all present and that they had brought with them an elegant dinner and were prepared to celebrate, in a fitting manner, so important an occasion. The following were present: Amos Cresswell and family, Wm. Smith and family, J. T. Townsley and family, Henry Townsley and family, W. P. Townsley and J. E. Townsley, brothers of the gentleman in whose honor they were called together. The repast was elegant, and it was a happy family who met on that occasion. May they be permitted to celebrate many more anniversaries of their father's birth.

### Harsted a Blood Vessel.

If he had done as he was told and hired a dray the accident would never have happened. He tried to carry home a quarters worth of nick-nacks he had bought at Milburn's Jim cautioned him at the time of the danger carrying such a load.

### How He Won His Girl.

He tried everything under the sun but they all failed until he took her a quarters worth of candy and oranges he bought at Milburn's.

But one subject has been discussed in Cedarville at any length this week and that is the sudden death of Miss Etta Cresswell and the cause that led thereto. She died Tuesday morning at the residence of John George from the effects of an abortion. The story is a particularly sad one. Etta was well known here, and her life had always been considered an exemplary one, not a breath of suspicion having ever been known to have been uttered against her. In early life she and Oscar George formed an attachment for each other and under promise of marriage he succeeded in accomplishing her ruin. About four and one half months ago she became enceinte, but did not tell her parents until they began to suspicion her about two weeks ago and asked her when she acknowledged all was not as it should be and told them Oscar George was the cause of her misfortune. They at once had an interview with George and asked him to right the wrong he had done their daughter and he agreed to do so but asked time to consult his mother.

They having implicit confidence in Mrs. George and believing her to be a christian lady allowed him that privilege, and the following Monday he told them he had concluded to marry her and that the next day. The next day, however, Mrs. George called for Etta, stating that she did so to avoid suspicion and that she would see to it that they were married, and the girl left with the impression that justice would be done her. Instead of that she was informed that she must submit to a surgical operation or Oscar would leave and allow her to bear her disgrace alone, and rather than subject her family to such shame she went with Mrs. George to Springfield where the work was done, returning to the George residence the same evening. After suffering a day Dr. Baldrige was called who prescribed for her but he met with an accident and Dr. Oglesbee was notified of the condition of the patient and took charge of her after becoming satisfied that the girl's parents had been notified of her condition, which had been done that morning contrary to their original intention, as only that morning Mrs. Cresswell had received a decoy letter posted at Springfield, purporting to be from Etta in which she said she was well. The patient progressed finely until last Monday when she gradually grew worse and died Tuesday morning. As soon as the true state of affairs became known Coroner Broadstone was notified, and warrants sworn out against Oscar George and his mother. Oscar could not be found but Mrs. George was brought to town and placed under a \$500 bond for her appearance Friday. She also gave testimony before the coroner in which she admitted she had taken Etta to Springfield. Her trial before the Mayor was set for hearing Friday. Thursday evening Oscar voluntarily put himself in the hands of the Constable Cross and furnished bail, and on Friday morning both waved examination and were bound over to the common pleas court in the sum of \$500 each. Etta Cresswell was a general favorite with the young people of this vicinity. Within the past two years she has been an employee of the Herald office and her conduct has been such as would command the highest respect. The following was the notice read at her funeral service's Wednesday morning by Rev. Tufts:

Etta Cresswell, daughter of Bennoni and Mary Cresswell, was born near Cedarville, O., Aug. 26, 1867, died Dec. 15, 1891, aged 24 years, 8 months and 18 days. She joined the Methodist Episcopal church at Cedarville in February, 1883, under the ministry of Rev. G. W. Kennedy, at the age of fifteen. She was baptized and received into full connection in July of the same year. For years she was a member of the Sabbath school. As a worker in the Epworth League, of which she was recently elected secretary, her services were valued. She was quiet, modest and retiring; but respected and loved by all who knew her. Her sudden and unexpected death was a shock felt not only by her immediate family, but by the entire community.

We have a

## HEAVY CHRISTMAS

## STOCK OF FURNITURE

On hands for HOLIDAY SELECTION. We ask all to come early. DO NOT GIVE THIS A PASSING GLANCE, for this means

Money Saved to Every Buyer.

## BARR & MORTON.

Cedarville Firm Gone Under.  
The firm of J. H. Milburn has gone under all others in prices of the good things during the holidays

Oranges, bananas and lemons at Bull's.

Malaga grapes at Bull's.

Oysters and cranberries at Bull's.

Christmas Candles.

The largest stock, the lowest prices in town at Bull's.

Smoke C. P. Wright's cigars. For sale at Bull's.

Silk handkerchiefs and mufflers at J. C. Barber's.

Just received, fresh goods in every line. J. C. Barber.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at C. W. Dean's

Go to S. L. Walker's

And see his display of gold and silver watches, for both ladies and gentlemen. Also a fine assortment of jewelry, finger rings of different kinds, silver thimbles of different sizes, also a large assortment of spectacles and almost everything that is usually found in a jewelry store. S. L. WALKER.

Sunday Creek, Hocking, Jackson, Pittsburgh and Anthracite Coal at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

5a Horse blankets, buggy whips, etc., at Andrew Bro & Co.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's

Cash paid for fur at S. L. Walker.

CLEARANCE SALE.

In order to close out our winter stock of Millinery, we will sell our hats (trimmed and untrimmed) at a very great reduction. We also have slipper soles and yarn. BARBER & McMILLAN.

## J. F. SMITH,

—DEALER IN—

Pianos & Organs

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Have you written one yet? If you haven't, why not? An intelligent and ambitious person can teach in a school, and get \$3000 a year. It is a sure thing, and you can do it. I will give you the full particulars free. After you know all, if you decide to go, we will give you a \$1000 bonus. Address, C. ALLEN, Box 430, Augusta, Maine.

Bring your lard cans to my store at once and have them filled with pure fresh lard. C. W. Crouse

Coal Vases at CROUSE & BULL'S.

House to Rent—Inquire of S. K. Mitchell.

Buy your winter boots of Stormont and Co.

Gloves, Overalls, Socks, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.

VOL. 12

For

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Ever ex select from

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PRICE \$1.

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